

REDEMPTION,

A

87a35

P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY JOHN BENNET, WOODSTOCK.

Let Mercy sweet
Let boundless Mercy and REDEEMING LOVE
Remain my darling themes —
Till in the regions of eternal day
I sing enraptur'd, and renew the strain
With energy divine. —

OXFORD:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR AT WOODSTOCK;
SOLD ALSO BY MRS. JONES, IN THE HIGH STREET, OXFORD;
BY MR. RUSHER, BANBURY; AND BY MR. HAMILTON,
PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

NOTICE

220120



TO THE DUTCHESS

OF

MARLBOROUGH

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS

(WITH HER GRACE'S CONDESCENDING
PERMISSION)

MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED,

BY HER GRACE'S MOST DUTIFUL

AND OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN BENNET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

REDEMPTION is the most important subject that can engage the mind of Man: It is the Christian's shield amidst the storms of life; it is his passport to an immutability of bliss.

The Author, however, of the following lines, had no intention that his private meditations on this momentous Theme should appear before the public; and he has therefore its utmost indulgence to bespeak. But when he declares that he was induced to take this step as the most creditable means in his power, to assist in alleviating a misfortune, and not through Vanity or the desire of Fame, the candid he is sure will overlook the faults of the Poet in the situation of the Man; and if they cannot praise, they will refrain from blame.

For the liberal and distinguished patronage he has received, he feels more gratitude than he is able to express. If he has any thing to be vain of, it is that so many among the great and the good have condescended to encourage his views and to aid his honest endeavours. May they meet with that reward which their beneficence so well deserves.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

A.

RIGHT Hon. Lord Auckland.

Right Hon. Lady Auckland.

Mrs. Adams, Ware.

Miss Ayres.

Mr. H. F. Arbonin, London.

Mr. Anderfon.

Mrs. Ayris, Woodstock.

Mr. Allen.

Mr. Austin.

Mr. Albin.

A Friend.

Mr. Austin, Stonesfield.

Mr. Alderton, Bladon.

B.

Right Hon. Marquis of Blandford, *two copies.*

Right Hon. Marchioness of Blandford, *two copies.*

F. Burton, Esq. M. P. *seven copies.*

Rowland Berkeley, Esq.

Rev. Dr. Berkeley, Wooton.

Rev. Dr. H. Berkeley.

Mrs. Berkeley.

Oldfield Bowles, Esq; *three copies.*

Mrs. Bradley, Walcot Terrace.

Mr. Alderman Bartholomew, Woodstock.

Mr. Alderman Brooks.

Mr. Alderman Brown.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Bobart, Woodstock.
Miss Bobart.
Mr. Bellenger.
Mr. A. Bellenger.
Mr. F. Bellenger.
Miss Barnard.
Mrs. Bateman.
Mrs. Bonham.
Mr. Broad.
Miss M. Bridge.
Mr. Budd.
Mr. Boulter.
Mr. Bennet, sen.
Mr. Bennet.
Mrs. M. Bennet.
Mrs. E. Bennet.
Mr. J. Bennet.
Mr. B. Bennet.
A Friend.
Mr. Alderman Bradley, Hertford.
Mr. Bryant.
Mr. Banes, Fritwell.
Mr. W. Banes.
Mr. Baker, Gibraltar.
Mr. Bailey, Bletchington.
Mr. J. Baker, Southwark.
Mr. Baxter, Cuddeſden.
Mr. Beckley, sen. Blenheim Park.
Mr. Beckley, Blenheim.
Mr. T. Beckley.
Mr. Batt, Witney.
Mr. Baskett, Charlbury.
Mr. Betterton, Fairford.
Mrs. Bramhall, Ware.
Mr. R. Brown.
Mr. Richard Brown.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Bocock, Little Hadham.

Miss Bocock.

Mr. Brooks, New Land.

Mrs. Bish, London.

Mr. Barfoot.

Miss Bryant, Newmarket.

A Friend, *two copies.*

C.

Mrs. Cartwright, *two copies.*

Miss Cartwright.

Mrs. Cane, Alnwick.

Rev. W. Calcot.

Mr. Alderman Coles, Woodstock.

Mrs. Churchill, sen.

Mr. Churchill.

Mrs. Churchill.

Mrs. Calcot.

Mrs. A. Calcot.

Mr. Cox.

Mr. Crofs.

Mr. C. Crofs.

Mr. Compton.

A Friend.

Miss Chapman.

Mr. Carr.

Rev. Thomas Cripps, Witney.

Mr. Coburn.

Mr. T. Coburn.

Mrs. Chuck, Ware.

Miss Cole.

Mr. P. Cary, London.

Mr. M. Currie.

D.

Right Hon. Marquis of Donnegal.

Sir H. W. Dashwood, M. P.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

G. Dashwood, Esq.
 Mrs. Dashwood.
 E. Dawson, Esq; *three copies.*
 W. Dawson, Esq; Mitcham, Surry,
 Mr. Dewdney, Woodstock.
 Mr. Day.
 Mrs. Dennet.
 Mr. Dewsnap.
 Mr. Day, Ensham.
 Mr. Dennis, Glympton.
 Mr. Dancy, Kidlington.
 Mr. Darby, Birmingham.
 Mr. Dolly, Coggs.
 Mr. Dry, Oxford.

E.

Charles Ellis, Esq; M. P. *seven copies.*
 Rev. Mr. Edwards, Blenheim.
 Rev. Mr. Elliott, Barton.
 Mrs. Etwall, Witney.
 Mrs. Empfon.
 Mr. Ellis, Ware.
 Mrs. Ellis.
 Mr. J. Edwards.
 Mrs. Ellis, London.
 Miss Ellis.
 Miss A. S. Ellis.
 Mr. R. Ellis.
 Mr. Evans.
 Miss Eldridge, Woodstock.
 Mr. J. Eldridge, Tottenham.
 Mrs. Ellis.
 Mr. Egglestone, Bletchington.

F.

Hon. A. Foley.
 Hon. E. Foley, M. P. *three copies.*

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. Dr. Finch.
 Rev. Dr. Flamank.
 Rev. Mr. Frith.
 Mr. French, London.
 Mr. B. Faulkner, *two copies*.
 Mr. Freeman, Woodstock.
 Mr. Fergusson, Reading.
 Miss Fayres, Saecomb.
 Mrs. Fathers, Aynhoe.
 A Friend.
 Mr. Farrington, Woolwich.
 A Friend, *two copies*.

G.

Sir J. W. Gardiner, Bart. *three copies*.
 Lady Gardiner, *four copies*.
 John Grosvenor, Esq; Oxford.
 John Green, Esq; London.
 Mrs. Graves, Newington.
 Miss Graves.
 Miss S. P. Graves.
 Miss S. E. Graves.
 Mr. Graves, London.
 Mr. J. W. Graves.
 Mr. John Green, Ware.
 Mr. James Green.
 Mr. B. Gillman, Hertford.
 Mr. R. Grimmett, Woodstock.
 Mrs. Gardiner.
 Mr. Goddard, jun.
 A Friend.

H.

W. Hall, Esq; Oxford.
 Mrs. Hall.
 Mrs. Holloway, Charlbury, *three copies*.
 Mrs. Hindes, Woodstock, *two copies*.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. J. Harman, Woodstock.
 Mrs. Harrifon.
 Mr. Hephherd.
 Mr. Haynes,
 Mr. Higgins.
 Mr. Hanks.
 Mr. Hanwell.
 Rev. Mr. Hastings.
 Rev. Mr. Hoskins, Witney.
 Mr. Hamilton, London.
 Rev. James Hackwill, Fritwell.
 Mr. Heber, Blenheim.
 Mr. Hall.
 Mr. Hayward.
 Mr. Hanks, Hinxey.
 Mr. Hall, Henfington.
 Mr. Horn, Hanborough.
 Mr. H. Hobbs, Ware.
 Mr. Howell, London.
 Mr. B. Howell.
 Mr. Hadwen.
 Mrs. Hadwen.
 Mr. Hodgekins.
 Mr. Harris, Coombe.
 Mr. Hudson, Reading.
 Mr. Hopcraft, Banbury.

I.

Mrs. Ingram, Woolford, *three copies.*
 Miss Ingram, *three copies.*
 Mrs. M. Jones, Oxford.
 Mr. Jenkins, London.
 Mr. Judge.
 Mrs. Johnson.
 Mr. Jesse, Woodstock.
 Mr. James, Cottingley.
 Mrs. Johnson.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

K.

Rev. Dr. King, Woodstock, *three copies.*

Mrs. King, *three copies.*

E. King, Esq; London.

Rev. Dr. Walker King.

Mrs. King.

John King, Esq.

Mr. J. King.

Mr. Knibbs, Woodstock.

Miss Kinsbury, Ware.

Mr. Kirby, Veterinary.

L.

Right Hon. Lord Lavington, *six copies.*

Right Hon. Lady Lavington, *six copies.*

Hon. and Rev. Mr. Legge, *two copies.*

Pryse Loveden, Esq; *seven copies.*

Rev. Mr. Leslie, Oxford, *two copies.*

Mrs. Lenthall, Burford Priory.

Mrs. Lightfoot, London.

Mr. Lewington.

Mrs. Lewington, Woodstock.

Mr. Lever.

Mr. Land.

Mr. Lovegrove.

Miss Locke, Barton.

Mr. Low, Coventry.

Mr. Lowe, Great Tew.

Mr. Langhton, Glympton.

Mrs. Long, Coombe.

Miss Lambe, Waltham Abbey.

M.

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

Her Grace the Dutchess of Marlborough.

Rev. Thomas Le Mesurier, New College.

Mrs. Meysey.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Watkins Meysey.
J. Milles, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Mavor, *three copies.*
Mrs. Mavor.
Master Mavor.
Master J. Mavor.
Master H. F. Mavor.
Master G. F. Mavor.
John Mavor, Esq. London.
Mrs. Mavor.
Mr. Margetts.
Mr. Alderman Medcalf, Woodstock.
Mr. Margetts, sen.
Mrs. Margetts.
Mr. T. Margetts.
Mr. W. Margetts.
Miss Margetts.
Mr. P. Margetts.
Mr. J. Margetts.
Mr. Morley.
Mrs. Milton.
Mr. Merry.
Mr. Morris, Dornford.
Mr. Maylard, Henfington.
Mr. T. Mash, London.
Mr. J. Maysey, Ware.
Mr. B. Mitchell.
Mrs. Minchin.
N.
Rev. R. Nicoll, Boddicott.
Mr. North, Woodstock.
Mrs. North.
Miss North.
Mrs. Norman.
Mr. Norris.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Norman, Maidenhead.

Miss Norman.

Miss A. M. Norman.

Mr. Noon, London.

Mr. Nixon, Henfington.

Mr. R. Nicholls, Ware.

Mr. S. Norton.

O.

Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Oxford, *four copies.*

Rev. Dr. Oglander, Isle of Wight, *two copies.*

A Friend, *two copies.*

P.

Mrs. Pryse, Woodstock, *seven copies.*

Thomas Plumer, Esq; *three copies.*

Mr. Prior.

Mr. Page.

Mr. Pain.

Mrs. Pratt.

Mr. Polton.

Mr. Phasians, Ensham.

Mr. Palmer, Blenheim Park.

Mr. Pritchett, Blenheim.

Miss E. Pratt, Leafield.

Mr. J. Platt, London.

Mr. Pope.

Mrs. Priest.

Mrs. Stafford Palmer, Newington.

R.

Rev. Thomas Ridge.

Rev. Mr. Robarts.

Mr. Ridge, Oxford.

Mr. Russell, Woodstock.

Mrs. Richardson.

Mr. A. Rhodes, London.

Mrs. Rutter.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS

Mr. Radley, *two copies.*

Mr. Reed.

Mr. Rutherford, Charlbury.

S.

Right Hon. Lord C. Spencer, *two copies.*

Right Hon. Lord F. Spencer, *six copies.*

Hon. Sir John Skynner.

Rev. G. Seele, Witney.

Miss Saville, Alnwick.

Mr. Sharp.

Mr. Sotham, Woodlays.

Mrs. Scott, Blenheim.

Mr. Shipley, Blenheim Park.

Mr. Smallbones.

Mr. R. Smallbones, Reading.

Mrs. Slaughter.

Mr. J. M. Swann, London.

Mr. Starling.

Miss State, Woodstock.

Miss Smart.

Mr. Scriven.

Mr. Shepherd.

Mr. Sargisson.

Mrs. Sayer, Ware.

Mrs. Stephens.

Mr. Stockbridge.

Mr. T. Scrivener.

Miss Stevenson, Newmarket, *two copies.*

Mr. Skillern, Horstead.

Mr. Sturgis, Longbridge Deverill, *seven copies.*

T.

Rev. Dr. Turner, Archdeacon of Oxford, *three copies.*

Rev. Mr. Townsend.

Mrs. Trollope, *seven copies.*

Mrs. Taylor, Begbrook.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Miss Taylor, Ware.
 Mr. Tire.
 Mr. Thomas.
 Mr. E. Towerzey, Witney.
 Mr. Townsend.
 Mr. Tollet, Hanborough.
 Mrs. Topping, Blenheim Park.
 Mr. Tebbet, Blenheim.
 Mr. Todd.
 Mr. Taplin, Woodstock.
 Mr. Talboys.
 Mr. Thorp.
 Mr. Robert Taylor.
 Mr. Trimmer, London.
 Mr. Tongue, Southwark.
 Mrs. Thompson, Campden.
 W.
 Miss Wheate, Glympton Park.
 Sir Edward Winnington, Bart.
 Edmund Wigley, Esq; M. P.
 Mrs. Wigley, *three copies*.
 Richard Welch, Esq.
 Mrs. Welch.
 Thomas Walker, Esq; *three copies*.
 Mrs. Walker, *three copies*.
 — Willes, Esq; Astrop.
 C. Ward, Esq.
 Mrs. Ward.
 Mr. Weller, Woodstock, *two copies*.
 Miss M. Wilkes.
 Mrs. Wickes.
 Mrs. Wilfdon.
 Mrs. Wright.
 Mrs. White.
 Miss M. Woodman.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Woodford.
 Mr. Ward.
 Mr. Walsh, Oxford.
 Mr. Wagstaffe, Chipping-Norton.
 Mrs. Walters, Brighton.
 Mr. Wade, Ware.
 Mr. Warrill, Hertford.
 Mr. R. Waller, London.
 Mr. Wright.
 Mr. Whittam.
 Mr. Watkins, Colchester.
 Mr. Westall, Witney.
 Mr. Waters, Burford.
 Miss Wellbrook, Hoxton.

B O O K I.

CHAP. I.

WHILE others sing in high and lofty strains
 The mighty actions of great Monarchs reigns,
 Or in heroic numbers volumes swell
 And the dire deeds of earthly champions tell,
 Of thousands and ten thousands slain in War,
 What horrid deaths grac'd each triumphal car:
 My humble Muse attempts a nobler theme, —
 A subject which the harmonious hosts proclaim
 In those bright regions of eternal day,
 Where Angels and Archangels gladly play
 Upon their golden harps, sweet songs of praise;
 To celebrate Jehovah's wond'rous ways.

Oh! for some spark of that celestial fire
 To aid my Muse to tune the sacred lyre,
 While I attempt those oracles divine,
 Where truth and mercy so conspicuous shine;
 To trace th' important plan, nor seek in vain,
 To paint the glories of a Saviour's reign.

Assist thou holy Spirit by whose aid
 The soul of Man by sacred Truth is sway'd;
 By whom the world unfolds that blessed law,
 Which Man relieves, yet keeps his mind in awe.

When great Jehove' dark chaos had illum'd,
 And order thro' the vast expanse assum'd;
 He Man created, upright, pure, and free,
 And station'd him in sweet felicity :
 Gave him a bride, of all his works most fair,—
 Plac'd them in Paradise, and blest'd them there.
 But ah ! they fell, and lost that lov'd delight
 By envy joining with the Tempter's spite :
 Tho' seated in the bow'r of innocence,
 Where fordid ill had not the influence
 To warp their heav'nly minds, tho' upright made,
 Devoid of guile to make their hearts afraid,
 Not God's express command, not bliss compleat,
 Could keep them faultless in this happy state.
 Altho' in Paradise,—them Satan found,
 Came, saw, and quickly gave the deadly wound.

Have you not seen the unsuspecting lamb
 With sportive gambols, frisk around its dam,
 While full security stands by his side,
 He laughs at danger as an ill too wide
 For him to fear,—'till wolves rush on the prey,
 Destroy his bliss, nor heed his bleating plea.
 Ev'n so the Tempter, foe to all mankind,
 Did our first Parents with destruction bind ;
 Demolish'd all their joys, destroy'd their fence,
 And broke the stay of blameless innocence.

Now thro' the earth the whole creation groan'd,
 And e'en the angelick host in silence moan'd ;
 When lo ! the great Creator call'd the Man,
 Who at the awful sound had always ran

T' adore his love; but now he shrinks behind,
 In conscious guilt, some subterfuge to find.—
 Unnumber'd fears his sinking heart confound,
 His Maker calls—he trembles at the sound.
 Alas! vain Man, to fly Jehovah's fight,
 Tho' shrouded in the darkest veil of night;
 Is most absurd—as soon at thy command,
 Would cease the wonders of his mighty hand.
 But now behold the first sad interview,
 When tyrant sin had spoil'd Man's glorious hue.
 Disrob'd of innocence he tries to stand,
 And fault'ring says: I've broke thy great command,
 The Woman whom thou gav'st to be with me
 Has pluck'd the fruit of the forbidden Tree;
 And eat thereof, then gave me of the same,
 I eat and fell, by her delusive aim.

When thus Omniscience,—Eve, what hast thou done?
 How could'st thou thus to sure destruction run?
 Did not I place thee in a Garden rare,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry thing both good and fair;
 Laid no restraint, but on that fatal Tree,
 How dar'd'st thou take what was forbidden thee?
 With down-cast looks, with mien, confus'd, and wild,
 The Woman cry'd, the Serpent me beguil'd;
 Perswaded me to touch,—I touch'd and eat,
 And then involv'd my Adam in my fate.
 Thus self-condemn'd, stern Justice heav'd her hand
 To strike the blow, for breaking the command;
 When Mercy interpos'd, remov'd the gloom
 And our first Parents heard their earthly doom.

To Adam, thus—for heark'ning to thy Wife,
 Ills shall surround thee, sorrow, pain, and strife;
 And for thy sake, thrice curst be the ground,
 With thorns and thistles shall it e'er abound;
 With weariness each day thou shalt be fed,
 And with the sweating brow shalt earn thy bread.
 To Eve, God said, thou gav'st transgression birth,
 Which banish'd innocence from off the earth:
 In thy conception, pains I'll multiply,
 And thou shalt on thy Husband's will rely:
 He shall thee rule, and teach thee to obey,
 Nor shalt thou murmur at his lordly sway.
 Then to the Serpent—as thy artful wile
 Has ruin'd Man, and fill'd his soul with guile,
 Accurs'd thou art, 'bove all that range the field,
 Nor shall the strength'ning herb thee nurture yield;
 Upon thy belly, creeping shalt thou go,
 And all thy life I'll dust for food bestow:
 Dust shalt thou eat, and for thy envious spleen,
 Such bitter enmity shall intervene
 Betwixt thy seed and Eve's, that for her weal,
 It fore shall bruise thy head, and thou his heel.
 Thus was their several dooms by justice seal'd,
 But how was heav'nly love to Man reveal'd?
 Can gratitude be dumb, or can the mind
 Cease to adore, to praise God ever kind?
 No sooner fell,—than Christ's redeeming love
 Was chorus'd by th' angelick host above:
 Join, join the theme, ye Heav'ns rejoice and sing,
 Loud hallelujahs to our God and King!

But now, alas! with grief the first Man saw
 A horrid change for breaking God's dread law :
 The whole creation feels the mortal blow ;—
 No more the luscious fruits spontaneous grow.
 Those fragrant sweets which Eden did adorn
 Must now give place to noxious weed and thorn.
 No confidence attends the brutish race,
 But they with fear shun Man's distracted face,
 Where shame and guilt, with equal terror reign,
 While deep felt ills his troubled bosom stain.
 Thus spotless purity, thus Nature fell,
 And thus lost Man became a prey to Hell ;
 Became a prey to darkness and despair,
 Till hope was sent by great Jehovah's care
 To glad his breast, and ev'ry ill sur vive ;—
 Tho' Adam die, yet Christ shall make alive.

C H A P. II.

BY God's command, our Parents being driv'n
From Eden's sacred walks, tereſtrial Heav'n,
Were led by friendly Angels, whoſe diſcourſe
Diſarm'd deſpair of her heart-gnawing force.
When thus the Seraphs ſpoke —
Scarce haſt thou taſted the forbidden tree,
Before th' omnſcient Pow'r thy fall did ſee;
And thou haſt ever been in error loſt
Had not th' Eternal's mercy Satan croſt.
But yet—to keep his truth inviolate
And raiſe with joy your low deſponding ſtate,
Was ſuch a taſk as not the heav'nly Choir,
Not ev'n Archangels could thereto aſpire.
For when ye fell, in you the human race
Fell in like manner with the ſame diſgrace.
Then ſhone abroad the Sun of righteouſneſs
With healing in his beams, to ſave and bleſs:
Thus Man, poor helpleſs Man, duſt of the earth,
A Saviour has endow'd with ſecond birth.

Man is the object of his wond'rous love;—
 When Angel's err'd, and with presumption strove,
 Tho' sinking to the depths of woe, yet none
 No mediator offer'd to atone:
 But to behold the glorious Son of God,
 For wretched Man endure the scourging rod
 With all the weakness of the human race,
 Excepting sin, to free him from disgrace,
 Makes Heav'n and Earth resound with love and praise,
 To celebrate the great Jehovah's ways.

As stand the hearers of a Pastor's charge
 When Gospel truths of Heav'n their minds enlarge,
 While keen attention all their thoughts confine
 T' embrace the doctrines of the sound Divine:
 So stood our Parents, while their heav'nly friends
 Unfold what greater bliss their Maker sends.
 Redemption's by th' Eternal Godhead plann'd,
 And perfect made by the Almighty hand,
 To save, to comfort, to create — agree
 With the perfections of this mystery.
 Now as all Heav'n seem'd touch'd, with thy sad fate,
 Hear thou, O Man, how God has chang'd thy state.
 Jehovah seated on his heav'nly throne,
 To the angelick host his will made known,
 And thus th' Eternal spake —
 Since disobedience to the righteous laws
 Of justice, truth, and right, has given cause
 For sin and death, mortality to wield
 Over the earth, Creation's fairest field:
 The guilty Pair unto the world I'll send,
 Nor shall the Tree of Life their station mend.

Man whom I made the favourite of Heav'n,
 To whom my Angels free access had giv'n
 To guide, to warn him of the dangerous sin
 Of disobedience, and his thoughts to win
 To holy deeds, to praise and to adore
 His great Creator, God for evermore,
 Is now a foe—is lost—what dreadful change,—
 Depriv'd of Paradise—he now must range,
 With loads of guilt, unworthy of the life
 I gave, and dwell with wretchedness and strife;
 And then—must die—yet he shall rise again,
 Can one be found who will his cause maintain?
 Hear then, ye Cherubims; I now decree
 That Man to life restor'd, immortal be.
 Man shall find mercy, all his race shall live,
 When death and sin no terrors more can give;
 If one of all these hosts will offer up
 Himself the victim, and will drink the cup
 Of my offended wrath,—will undertake
 To die—to suffer—for the first Man's sake.

Thus spake Omnipotence; but who could shew
 Unbounded love, and meet th' extreme of woe;—
 To die in Adam's stead, to suffer all
 That load of sin which came by Adam's fall?
 No Angel or Archangel made reply,
 But silence reign'd thro' all Heav'n's canopy.
 And when none could assist the first Man's state,
 Th' Eternal's Son became his advocate;
 With Mercy's rays he cloath'd himself immense,
 And gladly offer'd to clear Man's offence;

Nay would unite with frail Mortality,—
 Would take Man's nature, suffer, bleed, and die.
 Then all the host of Heav'n with wonder view'd
 The Christ Messiah with such love endu'd :
 Around the throne with joy and praise they throng,
 And tune their golden harps to vocal song :
 The Hallelujah and Hosanna sing,
 And make the arch of Heav'n with glory ring.

C H A P. III.

AS balm pour'd into wounds whose healing pow'r
 Returning bloom of health at once ensure,
 E'n so the Seraphs words uprais'd the pair,
 And comfort chas'd away the sting of care.
 When thus they further said ; what happy view
 Has Man before him, if he will renew
 Obedience to his God, th' unbounded love
 Of Christ the Lord, to fix his joys above.
 Creation and Redemption we unfold,
 Thy fall and restoration we behold :
 The justice,—mercy we've admired and prais'd,
 Triumphant o'er the Tempter's envy rais'd ;—
 All this flows from the goodness of thy God,
 Who shakes the Heavens with his awful nod ;
 By whom dark chaos from the globe was hurl'd,
 And order call'd to grace this lower world.
 Sun, Moon, and Stars he made, thyself and all,
 And into being will thy offspring call,
 So great, so num'rous—yea, thyself and Eve,
 With Sons and Daughters, many days shall live,
 But as you've both experienc'd bitter woe,
 Never neglect God's wond'rous works to shew,

Thy children's children, and in hoary age
 Let his great mercies all thy thoughts engage
 T' instruct their tender years—then their increase
 Will ev'ry day bring to you lasting peace.—
 Then when the period of your life comes on,
 And all your business on this earth is done,
 God will receive you to eternal joy,
 In realms where praise shall ev'ry tongue employ.

Thus did the Angels condescend to tell,
 And guide our Parents how they should repel
 The wiles of sin, and then with mildness shew
 How the blest Spirit would within them glow,
 T' instil a sense of attributes divine,—
 How Providence and Mercy e'er would shine
 Around them, how, God's goodness would suppress
 Their daily wants, and them support and bless;
 That tho' unseen, themselves had strict command
 To watch and guard them from th' en'my's hand
 Who tempted them to sin, nor should they find
 Posterity unguarded left behind.
 And now, O Man, with love we greet you here—
 Be strong in faith—in paths of virtue steer.
 This said—immediately a ray of light
 Darted refulgent arm'd with holy might,
 Which pour'd into the Pair a pious flame,
 Who prostrate on the earth with thanks proclaim
 God's wond'rous works, the mercy, love and praise,
 Which to lost Man, Salvation now displays.

Then rising, thus to their Angelick friends—
 Ye whom a gracious God unto us sends,

Accept these tears of love and gratitude
 For the sweet joys your converse has renew'd,
 Within our heartless breasts; but when you go,
 Shall we not plunge again in bitter woe?
 The Angels answer'd, Adam now you are
 Sole Emp'ror of the earth, and to thy care
 Has been committed pow'r o'er all therein,
 Adore your Maker, strive to keep from sin;
 Believe you are the objects of his love,
 That by obedience he will you remove
 Where sorrows are no more; but now employ
 Your time as mortals,—with content enjoy
 The moments as they rise, behold thy Bride
 The fairest of Creation by thy side.
 Her cherish and instruct,—nor fail to raise
 Each morn thy tribute of unfeigned praise,
 To magnify Jehovah's glorious name,
 And let thy tongue most gratefully proclaim
 His wond'rous deeds; then when thy labours call
 Thee to thy daily task, think on thy fall
 But let thy thoughts be such as to adore
 Thy Saviour's boundless love for evermore.
 Nor let the eve pass on,—but you return
 A willing sacrifice; your hearts will burn
 With grateful worship, when your mind reflects
 How you have pass'd the day, how God protects
 You through the dangers which your paths attend,
 And from its num'rous crimes will you defend.
 Thus time will pass, in peace you will remain,
 'Till God's great summons bids us meet again.
 This said, th' holy Angels gain'd the sky,
 Sounding the praises of the God most high.

Like to that tender scene, that parting day
 When Parents leave th' habiliments of clay,
 Around their bed their weeping children stand,
 To gain a blessing from their dying hand,
 When lo ! the tie dissolves, the Spirit flies
 Nor stays to hear the mourners piercing cries,
 But sighs farewell, and mounts th' heav'nly skies. }
 Ev'n so the first Pair took their last adieu,
 Nor tears nor sorrows could the scene renew ;
 With longing eyes they strain t'wards Heav'n's alcove,
 Till lost in space the objects of their love.

To comfort Eve, thus Adam then began,
 How merciful and kind is God to Man !
 Tho' great our fall, my suff'ring partner Eve,
 No more let us with anxious sorrows grieve ;
 The greatest act of kindness let's adore,
 And praise that union which does Man restore.
 For I foresee, that thro' thee shall have birth
 A num'rous race to overspread the earth ;
 More than the stars of Heav'n in multitude,
 And in time's fulness then shall be renew'd
 That glorious promise, which we trembling heard,
 When Justice, Love, and Mercy we rever'd.

Fair Eve reply'd, O Adam, I adore
 The wond'rous works of God, and grieve no more.
 Far, far beyond our merits we are rais'd,
 Nor can his glorious name too much be prais'd.
 Yet to compare this wild extensive scene
 To Eden's walks where peace was ever seen ;

Where when we 'rose to meet the rising Sun,
 No sinful guile e'er told us God to shun;
 So lovely and so fragrant all things smil'd,
 Till by the Tempter's wiles I was beguil'd:
 But what a contrast do we now behold,
 Expos'd to storms, and tempests, wind and cold,
 See how the black'ning clouds tumultuous rise,
 Their gloomy aspect seem t'invade the skies;
 The air no longer breathes that sweet repose
 We felt in Paradise, when free from foes,
 With innocence we reign'd; then no distrust
 Was seen in animals,—but Nature's curst:
 The raging lion kills the helpless lamb
 While tygers seize, and tear its bleating dam:
 They tear regardless of their cries and pain:
 Oh sin, I fear the terrors of thy reign!

Her fears then Adam in affecting strain
 Strove to divert, nor reasons he in vain.
 Plac'd by th' Almighty in a fruitful land,
 Where bounteous Nature with a copious hand
 Still pours her blessings forth, resign thy care,
 Dispel thy sorrow, and her comforts share:
 A thousand objects lead me to delight,
 To please the fancy, or employ the sight;
 And in thy lov'd society I find
 My chiefest bliss, sweet soother of my mind.
 Forth will I seek some calm secure retreat,
 And raise a shed to keep us from the heat;
 To keep us from th' inclement piercing cold,
 Where happiness and pleasure shall unfold

Their mutual bliss, to ease thy sorrows here
 Domestick comforts will demand thy care,
 That great and good materiating Pow'r,
 Will soon new blessings on his creatures show'r;
 O then what gratitude, what thanks are due
 To our Creator, God and Saviour too!
 This said, their knees forth press'd the yielding sod
 T' implore protection on their new abode.

O thou great Being, Father, Lord of all,
 Who didst thy servants to existence call,
 With shame and guilt we own thy sov'reign sway
 Which we've abus'd; but teach us to obey
 Thy holy laws! O make us call to mind
 Thy bounteous love, to bless and save mankind!
 Most gracious God! when thou shalt children send,
 Let thy protecting grace them e'er defend:
 Be thou their guide, their Saviour, and their God,
 On whom their trust may make its firm abode.

CHAP. IV.

CONFIRM'D in hope our Parents 'rose from pray'r,
 And fought in fragrant shades repose from care.
 The Sun in ev'ning splendor made retreat
 When Adam, Earth's sole Monarch, fix'd his seat.
 Nor let vain grandeur scorn his simple life,
 Alike remote from luxury and strife :
 Without his flatterers, or empty forms,
 Or artful wranglings base, or state rais'd storms ;
 Yet first in earthly pow'r, most absolute
 O'er kingly lions to the meanest brute,
 He knew their properties, their various wills,
 And all the knowledge education fills
 Spontaneous 'rose in him ; — for his great mind
 Was fram'd thus high, to benefit Mankind.
 Nor were his subjects few, each animal
 Fit for his use, was ready at his call.
 Thus Adam reign'd, — yet earn'd his daily bread
 And was by labour'd cultivation fed,
 For what so requisite here to sustain
 Existence free from hunger, want, and pain ?

Now time who never stops his swift career,
 Gave Sons and Daughters to the first made Pair ;

From whom the earth was stock'd with nations round
 While sin and death their horrid influence found.
 Then came the period great Jehovah will'd
 To have his wond'rous prophecies fulfill'd;
 Those prophecies which spoke that gracious plan
 The restoration of degen'rate Man.
 That when all hopes of mercy from him fled,
 The Woman's seed should bruise the Serpent's head.
 The royal sceptre fix'd in Judah's line
 Shall not depart,—until that Shiloh shine
 Upon this earthly globe, and unto whom
 The various people of the earth shall come:—
 His shall the gath'ring of the people be
 Salvation's rock to all that to him flee;
 A Man of griefs, who felt Affliction's rod,
 The great sin-off'ring holy to his God,
 The Passover, the Lamb without a scar,
 The corner stone, and the bright morning star,
 The sprinkled blood, and in the wilderness
 The Serpent lifted up to heal and bless.
 He is the scape-goat, laden with the crimes
 Of sin imputed now, and after times;
 The covenant, the bow, the mercy seat,
 The ephod, holy ark, and the breast plate:
 The jubilee, the manna, the perfume,
 The great atonement to avert our doom;
 Th' extensive ladder which shall mortals raise
 To Heav'n by easy steps with pray'r and praise;
 The Paschal Lamb, the victim to be slain,
 Who bore our griefs, iniquities, and pain;
 Afflicted and despis'd, was fore oppress'd,
 And sadly bruise'd to make transgressors bless'd.

These were the types the Son of God fulfill'd,
 And whereon Man doth his Salvation build;
 These were by Israel's tribes well understood
 Whose hopes rely'd upon the promis'd good;
 By the Almighty's oracles prepar'd,
 Which Christ's mysterious birth had well declar'd,
 They never strove with subterfuge to wave
 The boldest truths, a Virgin shall conceive
 And bear a Son, Immanuel his name,
 The Father, God of everlasting fame,
 Wonderful Counsellor, the Prince of Peace,
 And David's throne shall ever find increase.
 On him the holy Spirit shall remain
 And truth and judgment e'er adorn his reign;
 In him malicious rancor shall subside,
 And rage and turbulence be thrown aside.
 " The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;"
 With stinging asps shall play the suckling boy,
 Nor shall the cockatrice the child destroy;
 But with true peace the earth shall then be stor'd,
 With goodness and the knowledge of the Lord.
 With dignity the sacred truths proceed
 To shew the glorious acts by God decreed;—
 The deaf shall hear, the lame shall leap for joy,
 And to his name the dumb shall songs employ.
 O sing, ye Heav'ns! resound with holy mirth,
 Shout, shout for joy, ye denizens of earth!
 Let ev'ry mountain in the Lord rejoice,
 " Ye forests wave in honour of his voice!"

Listen ye isles, ye distant nations hear,
 And for the coming of the Lord prepare !
 O Zion, put on strength, awake, awake,
 And thou Jerus'lem for my mercies sake
 Behold thy light is come,—arise and shine,
 On him my glory shall appear divine.
 'Tis I have call'd, in righteousness will stand ;—
 'Tis I the great I AM will hold thy hand,
 Will guide and keep thee for a cov'nant made
 To light the Gentiles from destruction's shade.

Oh deep ! oh wonderful supernal love,
 How doth God's oracles Man's fears remove ;
 The great Jehovah condescends so low
 T' unfold his works to Man, his greatest foe.
 He who hath measur'd out the vast abyss,
 And spreads abroad the seat of glorious bliss ;
 Who fix'd the stars within the great expanse,
 And at whose word th' unwieldy planets dance ;
 Who ascertains the dust of all the earth,
 And weigh'd the hills and mountains at their birth,—
 'Tis he redeems and saves,—blest'd be his name,
 Let Heav'n and Earth with joy his praise proclaim.

 C H A P. V.

AS Heralds sound the titles of the great,
 And blaze their actions to exalt their state,
 Ev'n so the Prophets tho' in higher sphere,
 The great Messiah's glorious deeds declare.
 Tumultuous war now thro' the earth did cease,
 And feuds gave way to universal peace;
 Vindictive Rome quite satiate with blood,
 Like to a glutted monster quiet stood;
 Proscriptions ceas'd, but not till Tully's fate
 Was seal'd to shew the evils of the state;
 And that vain Emperor, who to his pride
 Could give up freedom, yea, his friends beside,
 Now sat to hear his flatt'ers offer up
 Libations from their vile dissembling cup,
 While he to render state nor station free,
 With haste now issues forth his great decree,
 That all his wide domains should taxed be. }

The arbitrary summons all obey,
 For despotism reigns with boundless sway.
 Thus when Oppression first rear'd high his rod,
 Fear shrunk, and turn'd the Tyrant to a God.

Each district to its city now repair'd,
 Not age or sex could meet the least regard,
 All are enroll'd, ev'n Pharisee and Scribe,
 Must now appear with family and tribe.
 Of royal blood of Judah's famous line
 A pair to Bethl'em came, to pay their fine;
 By poverty made low, yet rich in zeal,
 Did ever goodness with Jehovah fail!
 The Husband's name was Joseph, and his Bride
 Was Mary call'd, humility her guide;
 Forewarn'd of God, she at the accomplish'd time,
 Brought forth the Saviour Christ, a King sublime;
 But ah! so mean, a stable was the inn,
 A manger held th' Extirpater of Sin.
 And tho' so high, from earthly pomp conceal'd,
 His birth to mighty Rome was not reveal'd;
 But humble Shepherds keeping watch by night
 Over their flocks, receiv'd this glorious light
 From Gabriel, one of th' ethereal line,
 Who thus address'd them, in those strains divine.
 I bring you peace, dismiss your needless fears,
 Receive the tidings which all nature cheers;
 Ev'n now to you in holy David's town
 Salvation, God's best gift, comes freely down,
 Of Mary, whom the purest charms adorn,
 The holy Christ, the great Messiah's born:
 Go seek your Saviour, and observe this sign,
 In swaddling cloaths is wrapt the Babe divine,
 And in a manger does Immanuel shine.

The Shepherds rais'd their eyes in great amaze,
 Almost o'ercome with the resplendent blaze;

When to the heav'nly Harbinger there came
 A num'rous host of the angelic frame,
 Joining in praises, and with loudest strains
 Sung Hallelujahs to their King who reigns
 O'er all,—in all, who sent his only Son
 To finish what his mercy had begun.
 Enraptur'd with the news the Shepherds flew
 And found the Babe expos'd to public view.
 Thus was the union hypostatical,
 Which rescu'd Man from his destructive fall;
 And which at once astonish'd, fav'd and blest,—
 To all the nations round made manifest:
 This was the myst'ry to the just made known,
 The holy Simeon rich in faith, was one.
 Full of that spirit which reveals all truth,
 The consolation waiting from his youth,
 Who when he'd seen the goodness of the Lord,
 His heart a song of thankful rapture pour'd.

Like as the swan when drawing near the end
 Of her existence will her last breath spend
 To sing her solemn dirge in warbling strains,
 Fearless (as Poets tell) of dying pains.
 So holy Simeon his last requiem sings,
 To Christ his Saviour, as the Mother brings
 Him to the Temple, fearless of th' alarms
 Of death, he takes him in his longing arms;
 And in the fulness of his soul declares
 The mercies of his God, in fervent pray'rs.
 While with a holy flame my heart doth glow
 In peace, O Lord, let now thy servant go;

For thy salvation have I seen this day,
 The rock of ages Isr'el's glorious stay,
 To all the Gentile world the heav'nly light,
 Yea such a wonder glads my failing fight,
 In thee my Saviour, God and Man unite. }
 Thus in the Temple sung the holy Seer,
 The list'ning wond'ring crouds the tidings hear;
 While 'midst their fervent joys the Virgin blest,
 Receives the holy Infant to her breast;
 Chanting the strains which thankful minds engage
 Recorded to be hymn'd in ev'ry age.
 My grateful soul doth magnify the Lord,
 And in my heart my Saviour is ador'd;
 For he regardful of my humble state
 Hath chosen me from Daughters of the Great;
 And now behold succeeding ages shall
 In rapt'rous wonder me God's Mother call.
 For He the God of everlasting fame
 Hath blessed me and holy is his name.
 His tender mercies doth he wide extend
 To ev'ry generation without end;
 His holy arm all nations gathers in
 And ev'ry humble soul's restor'd from sin.
 He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
 And high exalted those of low estate;
 To Abra'm he his promise will maintain
 Which to his faithful seed shall e'er remain.
 Such was the Virgin's song, such was her praise,
 Thankful altho' adorn'd with glorious rays
 Of pow'r divine, declaring to Mankind
 Humility must true devotion bind.

Here let th' ambitious Mortal make a stand,
 Who vaults in pride, and braves th' Almighty's hand;
 Let him reflect on the Messiah's birth,
 That God supreme should mix with sinful earth;
 Should deign his earthly being to receive,
 Remov'd from all the comforts wealth could give;—
 No stately rooms, no downy couch to rest
 His Virgin Mother, weary and distress'd
 With her long toil, and tho' of royal blood,
 Almost a stranger to Earth's common good.
 Such was the station which our Saviour chose
 T' encounter guilt, to free Man from his foes,
 Born in a stable, led a life obscure,
 Was oft insulted, as he pass'd each door
 With sad revilings, scold at as the son
 Of a mechanick, and despis'd as one
 Who shew'd himself the Publicans fast friend,
 And to vile sinners did his love extend.
 Mistaken Men, like Caiaphas you speak,
 Who said it was expedient, for the sake
 Of all the people, that the Christ should die,
 But what he said, he spoke unwittingly.
 Ev'n so when you your Saviour dare revile,
 And say that Publicans receiv'd his smile,
 And that he was the wretched sinners friend,
 Do not reflect—this was his only end.
 For when he conquer'd sin, and rent the grave
 All were vile sinners, whom he deign'd to save.

The great Forerunner's mission now began,
 Who preach'd aloud Salvation's come to Man.

Ye senseless nations, deep involv'd in sin
 Ye crooked, harden'd, let repentance win
 You to your God, behold the holy Lamb,
 The promis'd sacrifice, the great I AM.
 I verily baptize with Jordan's stream,
 But he who after comes deserves such fame,
 That ev'n to bear his shoes I can't aspire—
 Shall baptize with the Holy Ghost and fire.

In expectation all the people mus'd,
 And in their thoughts of Christ was much confus'd;
 Thinking the Baptist He—with longing eyes
 They view'd, then deem'd that under him should rise
 The house of Isr'el, and that quickly they
 Would be deliver'd from the Roman sway.
 That he would David's regal house maintain,
 And give them rule and liberty again;
 But of a heavenly reign, tho' King of Kings,
 They little thought, nor understood such things.
 Thus have I seen an infant at his play,
 Throw wholesome food for paltry trash away:
 Nor can substantial good attract his sight,
 But tinsell'd trifles form his chief delight.

John still continu'd to declare around
 Now was the time, th' accepted season found.
 Ye, whom in this clear stream, I now baptize,
 Learn thro' repentance happiness to prize!
 'Tis your Redeemer, him of whom I spake,
 Your gracious God, who bids you all forsake
 Your evil ways—who comes as with a fan
 To fan like chaff, guilt from degen'rate Man;

Who comes adorn'd with purity most bright,
Who is, and ever was the truth and light.

While thus the Prophet their approaching good
Reveal'd, the people in amazement stood.
Yet some whom he baptiz'd unto him came,
Saying, that now thou must support thy fame;
If not the Christ, why dost thou then baptize?
Art thou Elias, whom we trust shall rise,
And happiness restore to Isr'el's race,
Say art thou come to bid our troubles cease?
The Prophet answer'd—I've baptiz'd 'tis true,
But he of whom I spake, is now in view;
And as refiners purify their gold
With fire intense, from all its drossy mould,
So will the great Messiah you refine
And like pure gold, will make your nature shine;
I'm come a witness only to disperse
His glorious deeds to all the universe.

 CHAP VI.

TO Jordan's banks whose waters sweetly glide
 Then to the Baptist came our heav'nly Guide;
 There to receive in those transparent streams
 That holy rite, which thro' the world proclaims
 The Christian's glory: when John thus address'd
 With great humility his sacred Guest.
 And comest thou, to be baptiz'd of me?
 Rather let me receive that bliss from thee,
 My holy God, from this let me abstain,
 O wash me, wash me from corruption clean!

To whom the mild, the blest Redeemer said,
 Thou to perform it be not now afraid;
 It must be so; for we therein fulfil
 The sacred law, and God's most holy will;
 Then was the Christ baptiz'd —
 When lo! the Heav'ns a glorious scene display'd,
 And that great Pow'r, who when the world was made

Illum'd the whole,—bid ev'ry creature move
Descended in the semblance of a Dove.

The Holy Ghost on your redeeming friend
Now rests, oh Earth, in silent awe attend !
And ye blest Angels, that the throne surround
With praises hear, how mercy doth abound
To sinful Man. Jehovah speaks, indeed,
And shews Salvation in his glorious meed.
Man can no longer doubt, no longer say,
That Christ the great Messiah makes long stay,
His coming, Heav'n and Earth do witness bear
While God th' eternal Father speaks his care,—
“ This is my Son, my well beloved Son,”
O chearful sound, thou wond'rous three in one,
This is the evidence which shines so bright
And gives the world such glorious rays of light,
The sacred undivided Trinity,
One God in essence, tho' in persons three,
Or as recorded by the inspir'd John,
The Father, Word, and Spirit, three in one.

The work stupendous to preserve Mankind,
To the Messiah being now assign'd,
In this high state with lowliness behold
The Prince of Peace, his sacred truths unfold,
To poor unletter'd Fishers, men who knew
Those ills which must from earthly wants accrue,
These he ordain'd to aid his vast design,
To raise Mortality to life divine.

No men of eminence his doctrine taught,
 No Ministers in Palaces he fought,
 Where Learning, Wit, and Elocution shine
 In all the splendor which the world calls fine.
 Nor did he try the Pharisees to gain,
 To be attended by a deep taught train;
 But those he chose were humble, poor, and meek,
 These were the Mighties, Christ vouchsaf'd to seek.
 With these he went abroad ———
 While crowds admiring, follow'd to behold
 The Lamb of God, his gracious love unfold;
 Who with compassion and a heav'nly smile
 In plain, descriptive, yet enchanting stile
 Sets Heav'n's delights before them in array,
 And each beatitude declar'd the way.

Thus preach'd the Saviour of the world around,
 While pow'r and energy his preaching found;
 Not like the pompous doctrine of the schools,
 Reveal'd in formal and unmeaning rules,
 T' amuse the head, but not the heart improve,
 Nor from the sinner fell despair remove.

Ah! where is He, who has no higher aim
 Than what the soundness of his morals claim?
 Say what can Man, all imperfection, do,
 Whose highest virtues are his duties too;
 Infirmities and errors him surround,
 Disturb'd societies oft him confound;
 The duties of each moment still come on,
 And blessings rise up with the rising sun.

Health, family, and friends, air, light, and food,
 With all those pleasing joys the earth calls good,
 Are blended in him ; but when sin appears
 It sinks him down amidst desponding fears:
 Or where's the over-righteous in God's law
 Whose high-wrought zeal will not admit a flaw
 In human state, but like the Pharisee
 Who would not with the Publican agree,
 To pay devotion to the living God,
 But pledg'd himself free from the dreadful rod
 That's due to sin, and thought vain-glorious pride
 Would rather aid than cast his plea aside.
 Alas ! such specious cov'rings wont avail,
 For in the day of wrath they'll surely fail.
 But when th' atoning Lamb, without disguise,
 Appears the meritorious sacrifice,
 Then Man appropriates, new life, new light,
 And all his guilt is taken from his sight.
 By this I know that Christ was born for me,
 Fulfill'd the Law, and suffer'd on the Tree ;
 And in my nature has he mourn'd and dy'd,
 Eternal justice too has satisfy'd ;
 Has finished my redemption with his blood,
 On this I stand, on this my faith holds good ;
 And as in Adam none can death survive,
 Ev'n so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Here then begins the Christian's life,—a war
 Which we against a sinful world declare.
 Now all those ills the human passions rear'd,
 Which would allure us from fair Virtue's guard,

Fly far behind,—they've lost the pow'r to charm,
Nor can the hoping Penitent alarm ;
But Truth and Mercy bid the conflict cease,
And lead the faithful Soul to endless Peace.

So the industrious labourer pursues
His daily toil, inspir'd with pleasing views ;
Each chearful day he acts and hopes the best,
And night rewards his toil with tranquil rest.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

B O O K II.

CHAP. I.

THE great Messiah having told the plan
 Of his redeeming love to sinful Man,
 And Twelve selected to reveal the word,
 To shew Salvation was with mercy stor'd,
 With high commission did them now ordain
 To heal the Sick, to make the Lepers clean ;
 And by that pow'r which wond'ring thousands fed,
 They cast out Devils, and they rais'd the Dead.

Then as the careful Shepherd will not leave
 His flock to others, lest they should deceive,
 But watches for its welfare and relieves
 The various maladies which oft it grieves,
 So Christ commiserates the great distress
 Mankind is subject to, and gives redress
 To all their many ills; his bounty feeds
 The hungry, and th' afflicted sinner leads
 To peace, if he with penitence believes
 And faithfully this word of truth receives,—

That Jesus dy'd to satisfy that wrath,
 Which Adam's disobedience brought on earth.
 He that with true repentance thus relies
 On his Redeemer, at the great affize
 Shall be presented holy, just, and pure,
 T' enjoy that bliss which ever shall endure.

Such who believe and love will goodness trace,
 Their souls will be adorn'd with ev'ry grace
 That can proceed from so sublime a cause,
 While firm obedience to God's holy laws
 Will surely follow,—purity of mind,
 Just, sober, chaste, benevolent and kind,
 Forgiving and forgetting, yea they'll know
 What e'er from grace, from love, or truth can flow
 Shall shine in them;—this is that second birth
 Which opens pure delight to Man on earth:
 For these he quits the world's delusive charm,
 These are the weapons which the Christian arm.
 Thus clad, regardless of each scene of strife,
 He calmly passes on thro' fleeting life,
 Which spent,—the soul ascends th' ethereal skies,
 On wings of joy to gain th' immortal prize.
 So the deep stream moves on with steady pace
 And gliding slow maintains its constant race;
 But when the Sun irradiating shines,
 The grossly exhalation he refines,
 Then by attraction drawn it speedy flies
 Leaving its earthy bed to mount the skies.

But now behold the gloomy period's come
 Big with the fate of universal doom;

The gath'ring storms appear—lo! death and sin,
 Affliction, pain, and guilt converging in
 That bitter cup, which must be drank, tho' fill'd
 With all the wrath th' eternal justice will'd.
 The mighty sword is drawn, upheav'd in ire,
 While vengeance rages like a flaming fire,
 The passive Lamb immaculate, unstain'd
 By sin, is now tumultuously arraign'd,
 By those for whom he bleeds. In Isr'el's land
 The traitor Judas with a chosen band
 Of Soldiers arm'd, pass'd o'er the brook which flows
 Along the vale Gethsemane, where rose
 A garden like to Paradise adorn'd,
 And where the Saviour oft retir'd and mourn'd
 For worthless Man, where once he was display'd
 To his lov'd friends, in heav'nly light array'd.—
 The doleful night was dark—Oh! what ensu'd
 To him who felt this grievous solitude;
 When all the pow'rs of Death and Hell combin'd
 Their terrors to afflict his suff'ring mind.
 Retiring from his friends, and prostrate low
 On the cold earth, in agonizing woe
 With grief intense he calls, O Father, hear,
 Let me escape this trial most severe!
 The bitter cup, if possible, remove,
 If not, thy will be done, Oh God of love!—
 Thrice in his woe he from th' Apostles turn'd,
 And in an agony of sorrows mourn'd;
 In such a storm of grief his soul was tost,
 That all his nervous pow'rs their strength had lost;
 When sweat like drops of blood (oh! awful stream)
 From ev'ry pore bedew'd his sacred frame.

Satan beheld the conflict, gladly saw
 Exhausted Nature sink beneath the law ;
 When lo ! from Heav'n an Angel swiftly came
 To comfort Christ, who bore the grief and shame
 Of sin, a world of sin, he then sustain'd,—
 Th' iniquity of all on him remain'd.

Refresh'd by aid divine, he then return'd
 To his Apostles, whom he gently warn'd
 Of what was near ; but sleep had them o'ercame—
 Sleep on he said, and rest your weary frame.
 But oh ! the time is come, the Christ betray'd,
 And by his blood Man's ransom shall be paid.—
 Scarce had he spoke when Judas with a band
 Of Soldier's arm'd, by the High Priest's command
 Enter'd the garden, furiously rude,
 Attended by the clam'rous multitude,
 Who (tho' they'd late ador'd) by malice taught
 To scorn the Miracles by Jesus wrought,
 With wild mistaken zeal, his life now fought. }
 So leaps the hungry tyger on his prey,
 His foaming jaws and fiery eyes dismay
 The spotless victim, who a sacrifice
 Falls unrepining, suffers, bleeds, and dies.

CHAP. II.

THE throng to Jesus prefs'd with hasty feet,
 When he with calmness did their insults meet;
 Then ask'd them whom they fought,—awhile o'ercame
 By pow'r divine, they shrunk in silent shame;
 Again he ask'd,—when Jesus, they reply'd,—
 Their strength then fail'd, nor could their purpose guide.
 Appall'd, they trembling fell upon the ground,
 While Horror spread her gloomy influence round,
 Nor durst they rise, that sacred face to view,
 Which precious tears of mercy did bedew.
 Then had they gladly left this impious deed,
 Had not the Tempter urg'd them to proceed,
 For he had enter'd Judas' treach'rous breast
 Who now advanc'd, and Jesus thus address'd—
 Hail, Master! hail, then gave the faithless kiss
 A sign intended to defeat the bliss
 For Man prepar'd—thus did the Fiend devise
 His fruitless wiles, to make his empire rise:
 Alas! how weak, how futile, and how vain,
 Like modern Infidels, who rather strain
 The falsest tales than own a Saviour's reign. }

As the Messiah knew the inmost thought
 Of his pursuers, and whom 'twas they fought,
 That they were thirsting for his precious life,
 Striving to wound the healer of all strife,
 After his word their hearts with fear had fill'd
 And made their cruelty to pity yield,
 Inspir'd by the Infernal they renew'd
 Their rankling rage, and with revenge pursu'd
 Man's heav'nly friend——

Thus when the caprice of a giddy throng
 Claims as a fav'rite work a maxim wrong,
 Not even reason can their rage restrain,
 But folly triumphs in their madd'ning brain.

The mob tumult'ous, thro' the crafty wiles
 Of their abettors, heeded not the smiles
 Of the Redeemer, nor the sweet discourse,
 Which flow'd from him to give those smiles due force;
 But with rude clamour seiz'd him instantly,
 While oaths and execrations rent the sky.
 When thus the Christ,—What! are ye come with swords
 And staves to take me, why not when my words
 You daily heard within your holy dome,
 Oh! why not then? but now, the time is come.
 Yet know ye now, if I resistance chose
 Heav'n's panoply would soon confound my foes:
 Not all th' united pow'rs of human art
 Would aught avail;—but I fulfil the part
 My Father hath assign'd. ——
 This said, the Soldiers dragg'd him to the hall,
 Where Priests and Elders waited for his fall,

Prepar'd with subtle artifice they came,
 By falshood witnesses stubborn'd, to frame
 A tale,—to prove his guilt—alas! indeed,
 It is for Man's vile guilt he's doom'd to bleed!—
 Prejudg'd, he came, a spectacle of woe,
 But first must to th' ambitious Annas go;
 Mean while with mockeries and scoffing smile
 The poor deluded zealots him revile.

Night now return'd, but Jesus by a guard
 Of common Soldiers was from rest debarr'd;
 No pitying heart his innocence admir'd,—
 The Officers and Priests to sleep retir'd
 On beds of down;—for him they found no bed
 Nor ev'n the means to rest his sacred head;
 While nought but tumult 'midst the impious sound
 Of vilest execrations him furround.
 Thus pass'd the tedious hours—at length the Sun
 In orient splendor his bright race begun;
 But how his face with conscious blushes glow'd,
 To see his great Creator's weary load;
 Who bearing all the ills since guilt began
 Was made the sport,—the scorn of sinful Man.

Cai'phas at dawn of day with solemn state,
 Ascended what was call'd the holy seat
 Of Justice, but alas! that sacred name
 Chican'ry's wiles too often does defame.
 Near this tribunal Christ's accusers stood,
 Nor heeded how, so they could spill his blood.
 The priestly Annas with his stately train
 (A train too ready temp'als to maintain)

First him arraign'd, with them the rulers join'd
 Ev'n hoary Elders in their charge combin'd.—
 Silent Christ stands, amidst their envious spleen,
 Secure in innocence, with mind serene,
 And hears himself accus'd of various crimes
 Which ignorance and malice of the times
 Had falsely urg'd—nor further they proceed,
 But others find to do the impious deed.
 Two then appear'd, whom truth had ne'er adorn'd,
 Whom these flagitious Hypocrites stubborn'd
 By many gifts, and swore,—this Man has said
 Should desolation o'er the temple spread;
 That in three days he'll build its walls again—
 These are the works this boaster does maintain.

Thus when a court vile Sycophants furround,
 An upright Magistrate is seldom found;
 For the High Priest tho' stil'd a Judge supreme,
 Let furious rage his sacred office shame.
 Vex'd that the wav'ring multitude before
 With loud Hosannas should the Christ adore,
 And fraught with envy, stifled ev'ry ray
 Of light, to give revenge its hateful sway.—
 Now Satan long had roam'd about the earth,
 Striving to blast the bless'd Redeemer's birth,—
 That busy restless Fiend had often try'd
 To tempt the Lord, and cunningly apply'd
 His artful stratagems, with curious skill
 To make him fall subservient to his will.
 But vain each effort—oft as he assail'd
 The Saviour Christ, as oft his wiles had fail'd.

Yet still led on by his unbounded pride
 To gain success, his arts once more he try'd,
 For he unseen had enter'd ev'ry court,
 And to the heart of Annas did resort,
 'Till in it he awak'd that furious zeal
 Which never sinks till blood is made the seal.—
 In private conference the Priests now meet,
 And Pilate chose, their purpose to compleat,
 A governor, as cruel as his lord
 Tiberius, for his vices much abhorr'd:
 But Pilate, tho' so wicked, long time strove,
 With caution, how he judg'd the Lord of love;
 Nay, said, from all the accusations heard,
 He would release him—for no guilt appear'd.

When the Priests heard the Roman's lenient views,
 Declaring Jesus faultless to the Jews,
 With all the cunning of that crafty tribe,
 They made the Governor fresh thoughts imbibe.
 Then proofs of treason deep they forthwith bring
 That Jesus had proclaim'd himself a King;
 And had usurp'd that glory—due to none
 But mighty Cæsar, could he this charge shun?
 That while he exercis'd the Roman laws,
 His duty bound to aid his master's cause.—
 Thus with much cunning and delusive art
 They quickly sway'd the Judge's wav'ring heart;
 Who then in haste tho' Christ he own'd so pure,
 Commanded that he scourging should endure:
 This said, th' obedient Soldiers shew'd their zeal,
 Nor dar'd they from the stern command appeal.

The deep'ning furrows on his back were found,
 The quiv'ring flesh display'd each ghastly wound;
 Fast streams the blood,—the purple veins are tore
 His holy frame is stain'd with clotted gore.—
 At length the Soldiers, weary'd out, forbear;—
 But to inflict fresh tortures now prepare,
 A crown of thorns upon his head they plac'd,
 A fictitious sceptre too his hand disgrac'd;
 Then in derision round their God they vaunt,
 And bow'd the knee, they hail him King, and taunt
 With cruel spleen: to these indignities
 They added buffetting and veil'd his eyes;
 While young and old around him jeering cry,
 Who is it strikes thee? prithee prophccy?
 Then striking on the crown, the scornful crown,
 From ev'ry vein the blood came trickling down.

Mov'd to behold this Man of griefs and woe,
 Pilate relax'd again, would pity shew;
 And fought while mercy triumph'd in his mind
 To rescue him, who came to save Mankind.
 Full well he knew the custom of the Jews
 At th' yearly feast he dar'd not to refuse,
 Which was, to grant a pardon free to one
 Who stood convicted: thus he meant to shun
 The cruel deed, and therefore brought out two,
 A Murderer one, the other to their view
 Was the Messiah, wounded, faint, and pale,
 Then cry'd aloud, let innocence prevail;
 Behold the guiltless object of your rage,
 And let his woes your cruelty assuage;

Say, whom shall I release, whom shall I bring,
Barabbas? no, much rather Christ your King.

Those being prepar'd who had prejudg'd his death,
Cry'd, in one voice, as prompted by one breath,
We have no king but Cæsar—thus they rag'd,
And then the mob to turbulence engag'd;
Release Barabbas—give us him they cry'd,
But for the Christ, let him be crucify'd.—
Unmanly cowardice then shook the soul
Of Pilate, in whose breast more terrors roll,
Lest that the Jews should prejudice his name,
And brand him with disgracing Cæsar's fame;
So gave up Christ to death with feign'd consent,
Altho' he had declar'd him innocent:
Then free'd a wretch, both Murderer and Thief,—
But yet to give his tortur'd mind relief
Call'd out for water, and declar'd aloud,
Christ was condemn'd to satisfy the croud;
Then wash'd his hands, bidding all witness bear,
That in his spotless blood he had no share.—
The giddy throng made answer 'twas their act,
Nor would they ever disavow the fact;
Then all as one, yet bound themselves far worse,
And rent the air with this most horrid curse,
His blood be on us and our race——
A horrid imprecation, black as hell,
Invoking ills which after them befell.

Those who for ages had distinguish'd shone
The glory and the dread of ev'ry one,

To whom God had appear'd from Heav'n above,
 In pow'r, in wisdom, justice, mercy, love;
 Who sent his Seers to teach their chiefest good
 In prophecies they all well understood;
 That those who ev'ry day had seen the Lord
 Display his wonders, heard his healing word,
 Should so far lose their reason to prefer
 Before him, both a Thief and Murderer;
 The Roman Judge to take his life t'inflame
 Cursing posterity, with blackest shame,
 Appalls the soul, and hence let mortals know,
 From raging tumult, justice cannot flow.

CHAP. III.

THUS far had Satan toil'd with boiling rage,
 Nor could the deadliest woes his hate assuage,
 But the Messiah spitefully pursues
 To aid the malice of the envious Jews;
 Yet like to stones when thrown against the wall,
 Which oft with fury on the slinger fall,
 So Satan's schemes pursu'd with so much toil,
 Did on his head with tenfold rage recoil.
 Tho' he had gain'd the Judge, Christ to condemn,
 And made his dearest friends his woes condemn
 And flee away, yea more his name deny
 With execrations too his works defy:
 Tho' now deliver'd to the raging throng,
 Who like a torrent hurry'd him along,
 And brought him fainting to the curst tree,
 Quite void of that sublime solemnity
 Which does th' affecting scene of death attend,
 And tho' their tongues almost the Heavens rend
 With crucify, the Monarch to us bring,
 We'll crucify that false pretending King;—
 Yet 'midst of torture, clamour, taunts, and woe,
 Christ rose triumphant o'er our deadly foe.

With wounds unheal'd, fill'd with malicious strife
 While streams of blood flow'd from the Lord of life,
 The Jews compel him now to bear the cross
 (Doom'd to retrieve our first and fatal loss)
 Thro' crouds of people gather'd to the feast,
 And as their spleen, his torture fore increas'd;
 He reels and staggers o'er the stony road,
 He faints, he falls, beneath the pond'rous load.
 Tho' Priests and Elders who at Pilate's call
 Attended the procession, saw him fall;
 Regardless of his anguish, all their care
 Was to procure a stranger, fit to bear
 The cross to Calvary —
 So blind we move, when reason's brightest ray
 Is overcome, and fury leads the way.

As they approached near the city gate
 Where thousands did with sighs and sorrows wait
 To view their Saviour's wounds, which they deplor'd
 In useless tears,—all that they could afford
 To ease his griefs,—when to them thus bespake
 Their pitying God :—Oh! weep not for the sake
 Of my sad ills, but rather mourn your own
 And children's, for the time will soon be known
 Which tender Nature shudders to relate,
 When war and tumult shall o'erwhelm your state :
 In all its horror, famine too shall reign,
 Yea in the great extremity of pain,
 Of furious hunger crimes ye will abett,
 And all the fond endearing ties forget,
 Which anxious parents to their offspring bear,
 Whose infant charms will only aid despair.

In this distress which I to you foreflew,
 Happy are those who barrenness shall know,
 And blest those breasts which never gave relief
 To harmless sucklings,—such will be your grief
 That clad in dire amaze to caves you'll run,
 Afraid to view the brightness of the Sun;
 Yea, then such dreary horrors will unite,
 The hills you will invoke at the sad sight
 To fall to hide you from th' Eternal's might. }
 With weary steps our Saviour now ascends
 The mountain's height, there to complete the ends
 Of Man's redemption: Calv'ry! I thee view
 With opening scenes of joy and wonder too;
 From thy exalted name made sacred now,
 Jesus the Lord fulfills his holy vow:
 The distant isles repeat the welcome sound,
 From Calvary is now Salvation found.

The fatal tree now on the mountain rear'd,
 The Paschal Lamb's the offering prepar'd,
 Who calmly waited the impending blow,
 The executioner inflicts with woe.
 Like as the butcher with unfeeling mind,
 The harmless victim does for slaughter bind,
 Nor lets his pleading looks his eyes engage,
 But heedless strikes the blow with brutal rage.

E'en so the monster did his ills prepare—
 Christ's graceful body he extends in th' air;
 Then on the tree wide spreads his holy arms,
 And thro' the sinews of his sacred palms

With cruel force the tort'ring nail he strikes,
 And thro' his feet fierce drives the harden'd spikes.
 Thus fasten'd was the Lord in great distress,
 Yet as the Serpent in the wilderness
 Was lifted up as Jesus had foretold,
 So he was rear'd that all might him behold.
 Yea, tho' he was between two culprits plac'd,
 Whence ignominious censure might be trac'd,
 Their wrath fulfill'd the Scripture without flaw,—
 He's number'd with transgressors of the law.

Confirm'd in guilt, with conduct vilely base,
 Again the impious Pilate shew'd his face,
 And to give colour to his unjust laws
 On the rear'd cross inserts th' offending clause,
 "Jesus of Naz'reth Monarch of the Jews,"
 That by the title he might guilt infuse.—
 What wretched art, Pilate proclaim'd him free,
 Spotless, and one wherein no fault could be;
 Tho' he had heard from Christ his holy case,
 Would stigmatize him with the worst disgrace;
 But he whose merits are to heal and bless,
 Tho' now enwrapt in languishing distress,
 Blasphem'd by all, yet still the God we view,
 Father forgive,—these know not what they do!

The dark and dismal hour now drawing on
 When the Messiah must for sin atone
 For sinful Man—in misery immers'd
 His fever'd blood brings on a deadly thirst.
 Thus he by whom Creation was display'd,
 Whose wisdom earth, sea, air, and all things made,

In dying agony so far was spent,
 That in the bitter hour of languishment
 He cry'd, I thirst —
 Th' inhuman Jews attended at his call,
 And gave him mingled, vinegar with gall;
 Such was their pity — nor could those accord,
 Those guilty Thieves, who suffer'd with the Lord,
 The one with harden'd guilt dar'd him upbraid,
 The other thus besought his Saviour's aid. —
 O gracious Lord ! take pity on my soul,
 And cleanse me of my sins, most vile and foul ;
 With heart-felt grief and sorrow I bewail
 My wicked life, let not thy goodness fail
 Me, tho' a wretched sinner, set me free,
 My suff'ring Lord, my God remember me !
 To whom the dying Jesus thus reply'd, —
 As thou with faith hast on my pow'r rely'd,
 That benediction I this instant seal
 Which all sincere repentant sinners feel —
 Be happiness secur'd within thy breast,
 Receive the promise of eternal rest.

Now round the Christ increasing tortures flow,
 The moment of accumulatèd woe,
 The pow'rs of Sin, of Death, and Hell attend,
 Distress and pain his soul with anguish rend;
 Forsaken and forlorn, not one to pour
 One ray of comfort in this dreadful hour;
 His chosen Twelve, whom he secur'd from harm,
 Were all dispers'd, with terror and alarm;
 And in th' extreme of this dejected state,
 Abandon'd by the Godhead, then the weight

Of all the human guilt upon him lay,
 This was the grievous debt he came to pay
 In infinite distress—all comfort fail'd—
 When in this crisis sad he thus bewail'd:—
 “ Eli, Eli, lama sabacthana?”
 “ My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me?”
 For Man's eternal bliss on earth I came,
 To ransom him I suffer grief and shame;
 And now 'tis finish'd, holy Jesus cry'd,
 Then meekly bow'd his sacred head and dy'd.

CHAP. IV.

THE holy Virgin and the much lov'd John,
 With great fatigue approach'd the cross, whereon
 The Saviour hung, and just before the Lord
 Had finish'd Man's Redemption, ere the word
 Had been pronounc'd which seal'd the deed of love,
 And ratify'd Man's claim to blifs above,
 They had beheld his agony and pain,
 Nor could their eyes the flowing tears retain;
 Yet while they look'd on him with piercing grief,
 His words replete with love convey'd relief.

Thus have I seen a Rustic full of fears
 Surrounded by his family in tears,
 A prey to grief—by poverty depress'd,
 Ev'n hope has ceas'd to animate his breast :
 When lo ! Benevolence with lovely grace
 Appears to charm his tortur'd mind to peace,
 Removes each ill, tho' heighten'd by despair,
 Relieves their wants and soothes the Parent's care.

The holy Lord his Mother thus address'd, —
 O woman ! set thy anxious soul at rest ;

No more shall fears thy tender frame annoy,
 Behold me now the pledge of future joy.
 Those pleasing raptures which have fill'd thy breast,
 Those sweet endearing cares thy love express,
 Are now no more,—I came here to fulfill
 The holy Scriptures and thy Maker's will;
 For Man I triumph'd over Satan's hate,—
 To save Mankind, I took his lowly state,
 Became an Infant, object of thy love,
 Nor canst thou that solicitude remove
 Which tender mothers for their off'spring know,
 Yet let those useless tears forget to flow;
 For Man shall be restor'd to joys sublime,
 Then wait with resignation for the time,
 Which soon shall find accomplishment in me,
 My Birth, my Life, my Death, shall set you free.
 But see my lov'd Apostle and my friend,
 With filial duty he shall thee attend;
 Be he thy future son, let mutual love
 Heart-breaking sorrow far away remove.
 And thou Disciple, much belov'd receive
 Thy mother to thy care, her woes relieve:
 Be her support, her failing spirits aid,
 And in this trying scene be not dismay'd:
 Soon shall you see me on the earth again,
 Triumphant o'er mortality and pain.
 Then will I fill thy soul with ev'ry ray
 Of grace divine, while thou shalt truths display,
 Which to pure virtue and true pleasure tend,
 To happiness supreme, which ne'er shall end.
 This said, he cry'd—Oh, Father, comfort me,
 I now commit my spirit unto thee!

Then shook the whole Creation with his woes,
 And earth her beauteous order seem'd to lose,
 Tremendous scenes unequall'd terror spread,
 And from the graves came forth th' awaken'd dead,
 The Temple's vail was rent—the conscious Sun,
 As if the sight of human guilt to shun,
 Withdrew his genial beams, withheld his light,
 All Nature wore the awful gloom of night;
 The universal horrors which ensu'd,
 With wond'ring dread the distant nations view'd.
 While unenlighten'd Gentiles trembling stand
 And think earth's dissolution is at hand,
 Not ev'n the convert Jews know where to rest
 Their hope by fear, their faith by doubt repress;
 Long the delusive thought they had retain'd,
 That Christ in worldly splendor would have reign'd,
 That he to Judah wou'd have brought relief
 From foreign tyranny, and thus their grief
 Had been no more; alas! to follies giv'n,
 For earth they almost lost their care for Heav'n.
 Others unmindful of the great event
 In careless indolence their moments spent,
 Join'd the foul stream tradition pour'd along,
 Nor sought to be convinc'd if right or wrong
 The Scriptures told, whether obscure or clear
 They pointed out, or when Christ should appear.
 Oh! wou'd they read those books with that concern
 They ponder earthly deeds, they soon would learn
 Conviction, faith and love, true hope and joy,
 Nor would perplexing doubt their minds annoy.

The prophet Daniel does the time declare
 When the Messiah should his suff'rings bear;
 And Zechariah has expressly told
 The sum for which he was betray'd and sold.
 But when Isaiah in majestic strains
 Describes his Birth, his Life, and dying Pains;
 How can they doubt those truths to them reveal'd,
 As tho' the Prophet had his God beheld.
 Who can these oracles explore, unmov'd,
 Where Man's Salvation is so clearly prov'd.
 But, ah! the Jews, like Christians now indeed,
 Esteem their Bibles, but they seldom read!
 Nor e'er compare th' Evangelist and Seer,
 Where num'rous types to end their doubts appear;
 Which would they do, those types they might explain,
 And find fulfill'd in the Messiah's reign.

The hardy Guards now took the sad alarm,
 Heart-sinking fear did all the soul disarm;
 The light'ning's livid flash deep terror spread,
 The thunder's awful sound increas'd their dread,
 The night's dark gloom o'ercame meridian light,
 And long try'd valour yielded at the sight.
 But that some shew of courage might appear,
 Or they might gain dismissal from their care,
 They then approach'd the Mount with falt'ring tread,
 And broke the culprits legs, but found Christ dead.
 On him they then forbore the useless stroke,
 For Scripture saith, his bones shall not be broke;
 Yet one who was on this dire task employ'd,
 Whose fear had not his cruelty destroy'd,

With wanton rage to cowardice ally'd,
 Advanc'd his spear and pierc'd the Saviour's side.
 The purple flood stream'd torrents on the ground,
 And blood and water mingled in the wound.
 Here stands the bulwark, here the Christian's fence,
 The Adamah, the First, the Last, from whence
 Springs love to Man,—this is the glorious prize
 The pure oblation, and the sacrifice
 Once offer'd, ever saving Man from doom,
 The oath to shew his death until he come,
 The Covenant, Baptismal Jordan's stream,
 The holy Eucharist, the vow supreme!—
 Eternal God thy mercies I adore,
 O aid me, Truth Divine! while I explore
 Thy wond'rous works; oh grant, Almighty Lord,
 My pen, my heart, and life may all accord
 To shew thy praise, how thy great goodness will'd
 To have each tittle of thy law fulfill'd;
 And may thy wond'rous mercy Man engage
 To find Salvation in the sacred page.

Now while the tragic scene made pity reign,
 One of the Sanhedrim went forth to gain
 Christ's sacred body of the Roman Chief;
 And, his consent receiv'd, with pious grief
 He took it down, and with a solemn gloom
 Repos'd it in a new and spacious tomb.
 When fix'd in wrath, the Leaders of the Jews,
 Their malice to relinquish yet refuse;
 To the High Priest with hasty steps they go,
 But all was discord, anarchy and woe.

The glory of the Shekinah was fled,
 The beauty of the Israelites was dead;
 In vain did Caiaphas assume the chair,
 In vain he now commands attention there;
 Increasing numbers tumults more increase,
 And restless Satan almost su'd for peace.
 To hush their various clamours he forsook
 His outward terrors, then himself betook,
 With all the venerable form and grace—
 The mild resemblance of a Rabbi's face;
 Then for admission to the Priest he sues,
 Who vainly still endeavour'd to reduce
 The throng to order, but as soon he'd gain'd
 Both peace and order from the raging main.
 At length the arch-deceiver struggled through
 The num'rous multitude, and gain'd the view
 Of Caiaphas; then in his ear instill'd
 Revenge and falshood,—yea, his bosom fill'd
 With rankling envy, hinting that the friends
 Of Christ would steal him, to promote their ends;
 Then would report abroad in artful strain,
 That he their glorious Lord had rose again.
 Th' attentive Priest in thoughtful silence heard,
 Approv'd, and by a sign his friends prepar'd,
 For private conf'rence—who with him retir'd
 To learn what new concurrence was requir'd.
 He then unfolds the scheme—they orders send
 Commission'd with his name one to attend
 The Roman Judge, that Soldiers might be sent
 To frustrate what Christ's friends would now invent.
 Thus were produc'd by the malicious Jews.
 Those strong convincing proofs that so conduce

To fix the Christian's Faith, had not they sought
 A Guard of Pilate, they with mischief fraught
 Had form'd a tale whose plausible pretext
 The early converts might have much perplex.

Pilate at once comply'd with their request,
 He thought it prompted by a skilful breast;
 The Watch was fix'd, the Sepulchre made sure,
 A stone of pond'rous weight secur'd the door.
 Yea, that no plan their prudence might defeat,
 They seal'd it with the signet of the state;
 But what is human foresight, what avails
 The seal, the pond'rous stone when justice fails?
 What are the hardy vet'rans when they stand
 Against Jehovah's all victorious hand?
 For at th' appointed time the trembling earth
 Display'd his wond'rous might who'd given birth
 To all this spacious globe: her horrid shocks
 Sent forth dismay, and rent the stony rocks:
 When lo! the Spirit of the Lord descends
 From Heav'n, attended by an host of friends—
 Angelic friends, who gladly him surround,
 To see Omniscience sin and death confound.
 Oh, Death, where is thy sting! thy triumphs Grave!
 Now all thy gloomy terrors thou must leave;
 Behold the great Messiah reassumes
 His sacred form which vivid life illumines;
 Christians may well admire the glorious deed,
 That Resurrection which lost Man has freed.
 This is the joyful day the Saviour sends,
 On this Man's hope, on this his life depends;

The Heav'ns resound with praise, th' angelic throng
 With harps celestial, sing the glorious song,
 None but th' Eternal Godhead e'er could plan
 Returning love, returning love to Man;
 Christ the first-fruits, the chains of Death has broke,
 And Man's recover'd from the Serpent's yoke :
 Christ shews the world that as he rose again,
 Triumphant over Death, o'er Hell and pain ;
 So Man to Immortality shall rise, —
 So Man in triumph shall ascend the skies.

CHAP. V.

LET Christians now the Hallelujah sing
To Christ the Lord, the God, the heavenly King;
Let thankful praise be heard thro' all the earth,
For the Messiah gives Salvation birth.
What glorious change to sinful Man appears
To guide him happy thro' this vale of tears;
The Buffeters are fled, the Rulers gone,
And those who shame and misery put on
The Holy Christ, now lie entranc'd as dead,
Nor is there one who dares to raise his head.
For this great scene did all the Watch confound,—
With wild affright they leave the usual bound
Of their allotted duty, and return
To the High Priest, who fill'd with much concern,
Beheld them trembling with unusual dread,
While broken sentences the tidings spread
That Christ was ris'n,—that round them shone such light
As with amazement long o'ercame their fight,
That while they wond'ring fell upon the ground;
T' escape those terrors which did them surround,—
The trembling earth shook horribly and seem'd
As tho' her womb with dissolution teem'd;—

That then they found the Tomb where Christ was laid
 Wide open, and the stone which fast was made
 Remov'd, altho' secur'd by Pilate's seal,
 But how effected they could not reveal.

Have you not seen the anxious Parent stand
 To see his son approach his native strand,
 With longing eyes he views the boist'rous main,
 The ship appears which all his joys contain;
 When lo! a sudden storm dispels delight,
 And all his joys are gone to endless night:
 No more his hopes rise with the rising gale,
 The prospect chills his soul, his spirits fail.
 So stood the Priest in fancy quite secure,
 But how could happiness like his endure?
 He vainly vaults in pride, his counsel giv'n
 He thought was worthy all the bliss of Heav'n.
 Alas! when blind delusion warps the mind,
 Hypocrisy can Virtue's semblance find,—
 A moment's calm had lull'd his soul to rest,
 But when the Centinels their tale exprest,
 His boasted stratagems at once gave way,
 And to despair himself had been a prey,
 Had not the Prince of darkness fought again
 With ev'ry art, to prop his tott'ring reign.
 For he with Caiaphas being closely leagu'd,
 Assur'd him that the Soldiers were fatigu'd
 With over watching, and no doubt requir'd
 Refreshment oft, this thought the Priest admir'd—
 'Twas true such horrors had disturb'd the night,
 As would ev'n more than human beings fright;

The lightning's vivid flash—the thunder's roar
Had scarce been equall'd on the earth before.

Th' officious Sanhedrim again attend
On the High Priest, their counsellor and friend;
He tells the plan his intimate had shewn,
But they must make the active part their own;
Then bids them try with artful bribes to gain
The Watch, this grand imposture to maintain.
Thus by their Chief these misled zealots taught,
The Centinels with eager care they fought;
Laugh'd at their doubts, o'erwhelm'd their sense in wine,
And when the copious draught made fear resign
Her station in their lately failing breast,
Then thus the subtle train themselves exprest:—
The terrors of the night might well prevent
Your seeing Jesus' followers intent;
For while o'ercome with sleep and care you lay,
They mov'd the stone, and took the corpse away,
That all would be convinc'd this tale was true,
Since none the fraud could e'er expose to view;
And Jews and Romans well were satisfy'd
Th' Impostor had been punish'd for his pride.
Then added they, tho' you in duty fail,
No punishment or danger shall assail
Your want of prudence,—only well accord,
And we will recompence with great reward.
This said, with gifts they ev'ry fear remov'd,
And to their will, the Watch obedient prov'd.—
Such lights appear the Christian faith to prove,
Which no base frauds or falsehoods can remove.

The Priest's commands deliver'd with design
 To stifle truth, more lovely made it shine.
 If the Guards knew what happen'd while they slept,
 Why had not they the sacred body kept?
 How could they know, while they all prostrate were,
 As their new tale confess'd, with sleep and care,
 Who took the body, yet if that they knew,
 Why not attempt those robbers to subdue?
 Of all Christ's num'rous friends, but one was found,
 Who dar'd to raise his hand, to give a wound;
 And after that his courage did subside,
 And with vile oaths he thrice his Lord deny'd.
 When all were scatter'd round thro' grief and fear,
 Was he the head to bring those cowards near
 T' encounter Soldiers, arm'd with sword and spear? }
 Oh, holy Father! ever just and true,
 Let full conviction ev'ry mind subdue,
 To taste thy glorious Truths, that bliss divine,
 The fountain where thy mercies ever shine.

Such mighty deeds could not remain conceal'd,—
 Th' Apostles heard, and the glad news reveal'd
 That Christ was ris'n, which spread from friend to friend,
 And made their timid apprehensions end.
 Ev'n Thomas, tho' so full of doubting pride,
 Unless he saw his Master's wounded side,
 And thrust his hand therein, had not believ'd,
 Receiv'd those proofs, and knew that Jesus liv'd.—
 The great Messiah on the earth again
 Appear'd triumphant over Death and pain;
 And with his much-lov'd friends behold him stand,
 Giving this holy, pure, and just command: —

Go forth and teach the various nations round,
 I give you pow'r all evils to confound;
 Let Baptism be perform'd on ev'ry coast
 In name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 For now the great partition wall is broke,
 And all are freed from th' heavy Jewish yoke;
 The Holy Spirit shall descend in sight,
 And spread conviction clear as morning light;
 Those beauteous truths which mysteries conceal,
 To all the Gentile world he will reveal;
 And tho' the time—the joyful time is come,
 Which now restores me to my heav'nly home,
 Be not afraid, for tho' from you I go,
 I've put on grief, and cloath'd myself with woe;
 And your frail nature took to set you free,
 Thus all have found accomplishment in me.
 Yet 'till I go, the Comforter on you
 Will not descend, but when his pow'r you know
 He'll be your wisdom, spirit, strength, and guide,
 And shew you paths from whence you shall not slide.
 Then cease from grief, my absence ne'er bewail,
 I carry with me your Redemption's seal;
 And ye, my brethren, who believe and love,
 Shall one day join th' angelic choir above;
 And ye who doubt my saving grace repent,
 So shall ye endless misery prevent.
 Remember this——
 Salvation is complete, its purchase paid,
 No more you'll want the smoking altar's aid,
 No sacrifice, or offer'd blood takes place,
 New moons and all your vain oblations cease.

No other merits come before the throne
 But mine, and for your sins they shall atone.
 When I go hence I will this body take
 An earnest that from Death you shall awake;
 Then will the Heav'ns declare Jehovah's praise,
 And sing the wonders of his glorious ways;
 Millions of millions will in joy accord,
 To sing of Man's Redemption, Man restor'd.
 The Cherubim and Seraphim divine,
 Who in the radiant robes of glory shine,
 And who eternal honours pay their King,
 Of Man restor'd shall then exulting sing;—
 Shall sing of Justice, with sweet Mercy join'd—
 Shall sing of Love, display'd to all Mankind.
 Such were the comforts the Messiah gave
 His lov'd Apostles, e'er he took his leave;
 Thus he convers'd, immaculate, and pure,
 And thus set forth the wretched Sinner's cure;
 'Till the great day of his Ascension came,
 When with the Brethren to the Mount of Fame
 Call'd Olives, he repair'd, where shining rays
 Of glory beam'd around the Lord of Praise.
 His lov'd Disciples now a num'rous band,
 With awe and admiration silent stand;
 While holy Angels fill'd th' expanse of Heav'n,
 And throng'd to hear our Saviour's blessing giv'n.—
 With tender love his arms he did extend,
 Farewell, he cry'd, my brethren, I ascend
 The throne of Grace,—in love and kindness live,
 Freely ye have receiv'd, as freely give.
 The holy bond, sweet peace, I leave with you,
 Then 'midst refulgent light in glory flew

To his bright mansion, blessing as he rose,
While Angels did this joyful Hymn compose.

Now worthy is the Lamb to reign supreme,
And to receive all honour to his name;
The holy Lamb of God, the Sacrifice,
Has Man receiv'd as his redeemed prize:
He is th' accepted Sacrifice for all,
Who have offended by first Adam's fall:
All Men on Earth join, join the holy theme,
Let love, let gratitude, his works proclaim.

CHAP. VI.

THE Friends of the Messiah much amaz'd
To see him rise, still on the Heavens gaz'd;
And did with reverential awe receive
The gracious Benediction which he gave.
They saw how the Angelic Host ador'd,
And homage paid to Christ th' ascending Lord.
Such wond'rous scenes were ne'er display'd before,
Nor shall again, 'till time shall be no more.
The whole expanse appear'd exceeding bright,
And far surpass'd the Sun's meridian light;
The sacred path in Jacob's vision known,
Where the Angelic Host in glory shone,
Was now again with heav'nly Spirits lin'd,
Who to their harps celestial voices join'd.
Th' harmonious strains were with such raptures sung,
As struck with silence ev'ry human tongue;
When to the throng two Angels were display'd,
Who in celestial splendor were array'd,
And to the Wonderers spake——

Ye Men of Galilee, why stand ye here,
Your Lord ascends from this sublunar sphere,
To those bright regions of eternal day,
To fix the seal of Man's redemptive plea;
He now assumes the sceptre of the world,
And sin and guilt are into chaos hurl'd;

He is the King of Kings, his eye surveys
 The infinite expanse. Oh! can you raise
 Your thoughts, to trace his wonderful decrees,—
 'Tis he who calms the raging of the seas:
 His pow'r gives life and breath to ev'ry soul,
 Th' eternal King illuminates the whole.
 And now that long expected great event
 Is finish'd by Omnipotent consent:
 This is that stay which hope to Man has giv'n,
 And which with bliss has fill'd the highest Heav'n,
 Transcending all description, much too great
 For the weak limits of your mortal state—
 To comprehend it—we have always strove
 The theme employ'd our wonder, praise, and love—
 It has employ'd the whole Angelic throng,
 And joyful strains have flow'd from ev'ry tongue,
 E'er since this wond'rous Covenant began,
 When great Jehovah it decree'd for Man,
 And fix'd his restoration—

Thus Angels gloried in the lovely theme
 Of Man restor'd to happiness supreme,
 They then proceeded—
 The subject of Creation shews what store
 Of goodness reigns with God for evermore;
 It proves his pow'r and wisdom infinite,
 And all are fill'd with wondering delight;
 Yet in Redemption further we explore,
 Man's lost condition nothing could restore,
 But an atonement, equal to the fall,—
 No other way could raise him from his thrall.

Then Truth and Justice arm'd with sov'reign might,
 With Wisdom, Love, and Mercy did unite
 In perfect reconcilment, — 'tis this theme
 Which Angels and Archangels now proclaim.
 But now the joyful time is nigh at hand,
 The Holy Ghost will make you understand,
 When ev'ry tongue inspir'd with truth divine,
 Shall tell the world how God's great mercies shine,
 Shall mortals teach that penitence and prayer
 For the last Judgment must their Souls prepare.
 When this fix'd earth shall agitated heave,
 And flinty rocks their harden'd substance leave;
 When this vast globe shall be by fire consum'd,
 And then the Dead by Life shall be illum'd,
 The mighty ocean which so long has roll'd
 Within unfathom'd depths, shall then unfold
 Those gloomy caverns, — from his oozy bed
 Shall rise whole myriads of awaken'd dead,
 All summon'd by th' Archangels solemn call,
 Nor shall a single hair unnumber'd fall.
 In that great day, high arm'd with pow'r and might,
 The Christ Messiah will assume his right
 Of conquest, which his gracious love alone
 O'er Death, o'er Hell and Sin for mortals won.
 This said — the Angels join'd the heavenly train,
 Nor could the wond'ring croud from thanks refrain;
 But with loud praise proclaim'd what real joys
 Inspire the mind which gratitude employs.

Th' Apostles gladden'd by the promis'd grace
 Of heav'nly comfort, left this sacred place,

And in bright Salem met in fervent pray'r,
 To supplicate Jehovah's watchful care.
 With them abundance of the brethren join'd,
 Glowing with sentiments of love refin'd;
 Each day they pass'd in breaking holy bread,
 And on the Bread of Life they daily fed.

The day of Pentecost was now at hand,
 When met by one consent, the holy band
 To praise and pray—when on a sudden came
 A sound like wind, join'd by an heav'nly flame.
 Then was fulfill'd our Saviour's words I go,
 Yet tho' I leave you,—grief you shall not know;
 The Comforter shall come, his heav'nly rays
 Will you instruct, and teach you how to praise.
 Oh wond'rous pow'r! miraculous the sign,
 When God the Holy Ghost appear'd divine
 To be their guide, while they with knowledge fill'd,
 Began t' expound and preach as tho' long skill'd
 In all the languages, both new and old,
 And to each tongue God's wonders they unfold.
 The poor illiterate Fisherman is seen
 With noble courage and with mind serene,
 Discourfing, and confounding all that strove
 By calumny the wonder to remove.
 Mean time his untaught brother prophecies,
 And tells the secrets of th' ethereal skies;
 Another faith maintains,—while others heal—
 Others interpret,—none in knowledge fail.
 Where is the Scribe? where are the mighty wise?
 Those great disputers, dare ye claim the prize?

Alas! the means to gain it ye neglect,
 With God your wisdom is of none effect;
 Redemption is compleat, these will maintain
 That holy myst'ry which you strive t' arraign.—
 Your plea is reason, can weak reason frame,
 The Attributes of your Creator's name?
 Or can you fathom what for Man is done,
 And Truth oppose which says these Three are One?
 Why does this wond'rous work appear so odd?—
 Th' acknowledg'd sign and token of a God
 Is knowing all our thoughts,—this potent sign
 In all his works prov'd Jesus was divine.
 Your Saviour says, (will not you him believe,
 Or will your doubt the Holy Spirit grieve?)
 The Comforter shall come,—then further told,
 And when He's come, He will all things unfold.
 All things unfold, can cavillers destroy
 Man's best, his dearest hope, of future joy?
 Who can unfold all things but very God,
 Whose mercy let's Man 'scape his scourging rod.
 And shall his wonders, boundless in extent,
 Be question'd by a worm, as tho' th' event
 Would follow at his call—untoward Man
 Jehovah's counsels thou canst never scan,
 In self rais'd fallacies engage no more,
 Go search the Scriptures, and thy God adore.

The glorious Wonder being spread abroad
 Great numbers came, suspecting 'twas a fraud—
 T' expose the cheats,—but how were they amaz'd,
 When in all accents the Disciples rais'd

Their praising voices, preaching th' holy word,
 How God to happiness had Man restor'd ;
 Shewing that Jesus Christ of blessed name,
 Justice to satisfy, from Heav'n came,
 Our nature took to suffer on the Cross,
 To rescue Man condemn'd for Adam's loss.
 This said as with one heart they instant raise
 Their voice to God, in worship, love, and praise.—

All praise and glory be to God on high,
 Ye men on earth his praises magnify !
 Let us rejoice and join with one accord
 To sing the boundless goodness of the Lord.
 For thy great mercies, oh thou heav'nly King,
 Father Almighty ! we thy praises sing.—

Oh Jesus Christ ! thou pure begotten Son,
 Stupendous are the works which thou hast done ;
 Thou holy Lamb, who sav'd us from the rod,
 Receive our praise for thou art ever God.—

Oh Holy Ghost ! the Comforter divine,
 Let thy refreshing Grace on Mortals shine ;
 O holy God, to truth our minds engage,
 Thou great Inspirer of the Sacred Page !

Oh holy Triune God ! the Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost, thou glorious Three in One,
 We thee, with wonder, love, and praise adore,
 Who was, and is, and shall be evermore !

THE END.

